

THERE'S NO ***E*** IN HORNY

by

Hugh Mungus

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"The great thing about bein'
bad in bed? No stalkers."

— HUGH MUNGUS —

This drunken mess is dedicated to
Jay: the original King of Swing.

**"...ME AND DOT ARE SWINGERS,
AS IN 'TO SWING!' "**

(Raising Arizona, 1987)

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— **Introduction** —

The pulsing publication you're clutching is an abbreviated slice of one single man's journey through the sleazy underworld of swinging.

"Swinging?" you query. "You mean Wrangler jeans, cowboy hats and line dancing?"

Envision a perennial Roman orgy, rapturously entwined into the moistened mound of the Internet.

Mainstream society tends to view single females at the pinnacle of swinging social hierarchy, with couples a nearby second. Single males have been relegated to an extremely distant third: the red-headed step-children, replete with inveterate halitosis, and violent, projectile diarrhea. I'm here to dispel such myths. What could be more persuasive proof than a single male — similar in height to a

Teletubby — who's managed to hook up with over 3,000 women?

Don't be enslaved by societal standards. You don't have to resemble Brad Pitt. Your girlfriend doesn't have to be Angelina Jolie. The erroneously idyllic three car, suburban home, 2.2 children lifestyle imprisons people.

Throw away your Rogaine. Flush your worthless, over-the-counter narcotics down the toilet. Bowflex, NordicTrack and the Total Gym? You've already *got* a perfectly good closet to hang your clothes from. Don't attempt to increase your credit score, since credit is simply another term for debt. Saving diligently for a 401K? Look how well that turned out for folks a few years back. This is life! Don't let anybody, myself included, tell you how to experience yours. That being said, you might wanna use the pages of this book as Origami paper and nothing more.

Then again, contrary to credit card companies, massive corporations and the media, I'm not perpetrating a swindle. For five years you had the opportunity to read this book, free-of-charge, via the Internet. Best of luck receiving anything complimentary besides bills from monopolies.

As a normal guy who's been in the trenches, I'm simply offering you, the single male, advice that may enhance your life. Should you choose to incorporate my beliefs into your existence, go right ahead. I hope you'll take what you determine useful, if anything at all, and leave what doesn't work for you.

Hugh Mungus

— **List of Terms** —

Because swinging nomenclature can be more frustrating than playing 18 holes with a green golfball, the following definitions, and a box of No-Doz, may enable you to find your way through this publication.

B&D: "Bondage and Discipline." More bizarre than the thought of Andy Rooney having delivered each episode of his show pants-less.

BALL BAG: I must be as stupid as opening a surfboard shop in Idaho because I have no idea what this item is.

COCK RING: A circular apparatus that makes one's penis harder than watching a 24 hour *Deal or No Deal* marathon without seriously contemplating suicide.

F: Denoting the word "female" in Internet jargon. I adore "F" more than the writers of the show *Deadwood* love the word "cocksucker."

FWB: Like warm, melting butter, I'm on a roll. Unfortunately, I've got nothing clever to say about this acronym that connotes the term "Friend With Benefits."

GLORY HOLE: A modest breach separating adjoining rooms, through which corporeal protuberances are introduced, and erotic acts result. You'd be better off sticking your staff in the whirring propellor of a P-47 Thunderbolt than through one of these.

HARRY HAMLIN: The greatest actor of all time.

HERVE VILLECHAIZE: That pitiful drawing on your arm isn't a tattoo. This, my friend, is a Tattoo.

JOHN HOLMES: A porn legend more dead and forgotten than the Macarena.

M: Internet terminology for the word "Male." Like a Bruce Willis blues album, we might not be popular, but we're still around.

MAURY POVICH: If Hell existed and had a mascot!

MFC: "Male/Female Couple." Stemming from a single swinger's viewpoint, this beast is often comprised of more flakes than a snowstorm.

MFMM: "Male/Female/Male." You won't find this threesome playing the back nine at Augusta.

NSA: If your first thought was National Security Agency, put this book down and walk away. This baby stands for "No Strings Attached."

NUD: Having to speculate, I'd go with the word nude as written by someone who's illiterate.

PBR: "Pabst Blue Ribbon." This palate pleaser has been around since before automatic garage door openers and television remotes.

RON JEREMY: Where does one even begin?

S&M: Sadomasochism. Creepier than the current Burger King Mascot.

SBM: "Single Black Male."

SQUIRTER: A woman who emits female ejaculate whilst having an orgasm. Cooler than envisioning Walter Cronkite ripping his shirt off and exposing nipple rings, these critters are omnipresent in the swinging world.

STALKER: A person so obsessed they physically pursue their object of admiration. Think John Hinkley, Jr. and Mark David Chapman.

SWINGER: An individual participating in abundant amounts of sex with both married and single partners. On the popularity scale, we rate securely amidst Ted Shackelford and the "Time to make the donuts!" guy.

SWINGING: A lack of common inhibitions when it comes to copulation.

SWING CLUB: A location designed to accommodate the activities inherent to swingers. About as eagerly embraced in upstanding communities as a toxic waste dump.

SWM: "Single White Male."

TORY LANE: Not to be redundant, but an *incredibly* hot porn actress. Tory and I have had sexual relations thousands of times...just never together.

Ego

Following your virginity, it should be the second thing to go. There's no room for ego in the world of the male swinger. Save the narcissism for singles bars. If you're goin' solo in this lifestyle, more often than not, ego will be your downfall. It's been my personal experience that a humble attitude, regarding all endeavors, results in success.

Here's an example. I knew a guy who talked a huge game. I made his acquaintance at a swing club that was pretty much a giant bed flanked by Big Screen TVs showcasing porn. As a result, one may correctly conclude 99% of the visitors to this venue attended sans garments.

This big talker, who I'll refer to as Hombre Grande, never disrobed. A Jacuzzi filled with bare tit, and this guy's clad in gabardine, un-

able to partake in the adventure happening beneath the water mere feet away.

Hombre Grande's reply to those who questioned his attire was always the same. He'd make a hand gesture — indicating something the size of a Genoa salami — and motion to his crotch, implying he housed an elephant's trunk beneath his Sansabelts. Women asking to gaze upon his marvel of manhood were met with denial, as he claimed he didn't want other men in attendance to feel inadequate.

Hence, for the first year I knew this dude, he looked like he was attending a board meeting. When folks would retire to an adjoining room of the swing club for adult fun, he'd grab an occasional breast, but always remain fully clothed.

I was forever cordial with Hombre Grande. After all, the more comfortable the atmosphere, the more sex will occur. In fact, this

self-professed Juan Holmes and I worked on a number of "projects" together, attempting to lure women back to rooms in which parties were occurring.

It wasn't until one particular event in a room of a local swing club, that I realized ol' Hombre Grande was a walking, talking false advertisement. Enjoying myself on the bed with a lady, I turned to see HG in all his glory, futilely advancing on a woman who was uninterested in his diminutive cocktail weenie.

Ego is like a 10 foot long penis. Sure it appears impressive, but it won't get you laid; and in the end you'll trip over it every time.

What follows are tips I employed in order to eradicate any sense of ego I ever had. Keep in mind I stand as tall as a fourth grader. At best I'm *almost* average looking, and have never made more than \$18,000 a year. As a result, ego was never an attribute of mine.

Confidence, on the other hand, was and shall always be.

Burnt Toast

Every morning, burn your toast to a fucking crisp and continue to eat it.

"What the hell does this have to do with getting laid?!" you holler.

If you're comfortable with what you perceive as the best-tasting, best-feeling, best-looking aspects of existence, how can you appreciate all life has to offer? If you don't enjoy everything out there, won't you be missing entire worlds of experience? In conclusion, doesn't this type of obstinate attitude race you headlong down a path of regret?

"I wish I had done this, but now I'm too old."

"Why didn't I travel before getting locked into this high-paying job?"

"I married my high school sweetheart, and on my 70th birthday realized I'd only slept with one woman my entire life."

Burn your toast. Eat it. Enjoy the thorns as much as the rose. Understand there are adventures out there you'd revel in if:

A) you only knew they existed, and

B) you gave them a chance.

The Bed: As Useless As Tonsils

Spent \$10,000 on a feather bed with gel pillows? Would you rather sleep as opposed to getting laid? If all you're going to use it for is napping, a bed is more worthless than sending Donald Trump spending cash for the holidays. Reach the point at which you slumber just as well on the floor as you do atop your over-priced mattress.

Some claim this training forces a person to lower one's standards. I find the term "standards" demeaning. Here's the deal. You're not special. Neither am I. Nobody is. No one person is better than another. In the end, we're all trapped on this tiny, blue speck in a massive cosmic sea. To view one person on this microscopic dot as more important than the rest is insane. Show everybody respect. The more types of women you're attracted to, the more sex you'll obtain. Period.

Not into larger ladies? Try one, or 100. You'll be amazed at the opportunities it opens up. Older women a problem? You're missing out on thousands of experiences you'll only be able to dream about by the time you're 93.

I had a friend who refused to have sex with non-Caucasian women weighing more than 130 pounds. As a result, he'd slept with three *senoritas* prior to getting married. Talk about settin' yourself up for a world of lamentation. This is the kind of individual who solely eats white bread, sleeps during his free time, and never experiences anything. With this type of outlook, what sort of life stories will you be able to impart?

"When I was your age, I stayed up close to 11 once, watching reruns of *Everybody Loves Raymond*. As a result, I realized not everybody loves that fucker. In fact, most people don't even *like* him...Those were the days!"

More Angles Than a Stealth Aircraft

I'm constantly engulfing bacon, peanut butter and pickle sandwiches. So many people find such variations on "normal" culinary fare repulsive. Yet, these are the folks who devour bacon for breakfast, peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for lunch and pickles with their burger for dinner. Same stomach; same ingredients. What's the problem?

Often, those who refuse to expand their horizons never travel anywhere, never question anything and never, ever explore life. I suggest you don't become one of these individuals. You strive to be different, don't you? If you didn't, you wouldn't be reading this book.

Have sex with women who are older, younger (as long as they're of legal age), Asian, Caucasoid, Latina, Negroid, etc. There are an infinite amount of adventures for someone in

your position to engage in. Get out there and see what you can discover. Who knows? You may experience so much, you'll publish your own book about it.

Sex During My High School Years

There's No "E" In Horny

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There's No "E" In Horny

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There's No "E" In Horny

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Sex During My College Years

Older women. So adept at higher learning, I had seven years to figure out that more mature females were my bread and butter.

If you're reading this, and of average college age, take heed of the first two words of this chapter.

Older women, baby! These beauties *love* college guys! While friends shell out thousands of dollars in ineffectual efforts to get laid at bars, save time and heartache by employing your intrinsic attributes. You retain a prowess most older men don't. Use it.

Singles Bars Vs. Swing Clubs

What's to compare? At the former, you *may* get your ego stroked. At the latter, you'll *definitely* get your dong stroked. End of story.

People love to hear themselves speak. Guys are no exception. A mildly unique line delivered at a singles bar is often met with praise from one's compatriots. Utter a similar salutation at a swing club, and you'll be laughed at. So, what's the point in being clever? Do you derive more pleasure from verbal approbation than sexual gratification?

Tools of the Trade

Think of the next nine chapters as a 007 spy kit, brimming with gizmos that will help you excel in all types of sexual situations. As an addendum, remember that nothing within this book is mandatory for being successful in the swinging world. Find out what works for you, and use it.

A Vehicle

You'll require transportation to and from your adventures. A shitty, but reliable vehicle amplifies any sexual experience.

A rusted-out Chrysler Cordoba is that added ingredient making this Spam casserole a paragon. Your bumper-free Plymouth Acclaim is equivalent to the sleazy motel room that enhances an orgy.

I knew a swing club proprietor who raced on-to the scene every night in his rotting Cadillac, whilst blasting Sammy Davis Jr.'s *I've Gotta Be Me*. Seemed a simple touch at the time, but it was comparable to hot fudge on a sundae.

The former owner of Naked City Los Angeles rode in a decrepit limo with strippers hangin' out the windows, and personalized license plates screaming "NCLA."

Heighten the experience. Raunchy, yet dependable transportation isn't imperative, but it's fuckin' fun!

Photos

During my initial forays into the swinging arena, the Internet wasn't even a whisper on the lips of the public. Digital cameras? The only things digital in that archaic Stone Age were alarm clocks and microwave oven displays. We're talkin' VCRs and cassette tapes. Ozzy was still perceived as some dove-devouring, Satanic psychopath, as opposed to the pabulum-eating shell of a marketing ploy he's become.

Even in those prehistoric times it behooved a single, swingin' dude to possess what would be the equivalent of a head shot for an actor.

Polaroids, man! In the early '90s, they were imperative. Back then you got 10 shots for 10 bucks. Hence, takin' a decent picture of your huevos and all-beef sausage was an expensive endeavor, financially magnified when heroically attempted alone.

Slick, glossy-paged copies of *Hustler* in your left hand, a one-shot camera coated in baby oil in your right, it was damned near impossible to capture your special purpose in frame. Still, one had to try. How else were you going to answer ads in local swing mags without a pic to verify your assertions?

Keep in mind, a guy was workin' with completely different photos for each response, since making duplicates of Polaroids was as easy as running a two minute mile underwater. I'm certain you can see how costly this endeavor was for somebody like myself, who is the antithesis of Ansel Adams.

Combine all this with the fact you were responding via snail mail, and things became even more complex. When you consider the time it took for those who placed the ad to reciprocate to your reply, you may be looking at weeks in the waiting.

Of course one also continuously ran the risk of no shows. There were instances in which I shelled out 40 bucks in Polaroids, six greenbacks in lubricant and a few dollars in mailing fees, only to discover the couple in question were filing for divorce.

Thankfully, most of this is behind the single swinger. The annulment drama is ubiquitous, but through the advent of the Internet, you can now instantly send a two-dimensional image of your dong anywhere on Earth.

Take advantage of this exponential improvement in science. Obtain some shots of your prized possession so you can E-mail them to prospective sexual partners. Such a weapon in one's arsenal can be extremely handy in a swinging environment.

Keep the following tips in mind:

Since computer monitors only read images at 72 dots per inch, it isn't necessary to invest in an expensive digital camera. Grab a five megapixel for 30 bucks, and fire away!

The recipients of your magnum opuses could give a shit about composition or three-point lighting. Still, should you have a copy of Photoshop layin' around — don't go out and buy one, because it's more expensive than divorce — study a handful of free tutorials on video hosting Websites. If you become proficient enough with said program, you can improve the quality of your pics: remove blemishes, lighten areas that aren't as visible as you'd like, etc.

Some folks may even go so far as to erase unwanted pounds or add bogus length. This risks misrepresentation. Even if, via Photoshop, you engage in a rapid weight loss program, and transform yourself into Long Dong Silver, you're eventually gonna have to strip

down in front of your potential sex partners. Showing up with a two inch gherkin, dwarfed between thighs possessing more cottage cheese than a dairy processing plant, after you've described yourself as "fit and hung," isn't going to get you laid.

If you've got an erection that curves downward, photograph it from above. It'll make your fun factory look larger. If you've got an upward-curving dong, shoot your pornographic pictures from below.

Close-up shots are advantageous, as they fill your recipient's computer monitor so that nothing else seems to matter.

Experiment with various angles.

By following these rules, you can make six inches look like seven, seven like eight, eight like nine, and so on.

The Internet

You may be of the misconception your best friend is your dog. Then again, you may be under the fallacious impression O.J. was innocent, Michael Jackson was straight and Ted Danson's hair is real. For the single, swingin' male, your greatest pal is the Internet.

With the creation of the World Wide Web, you can now determine whether an orgy is occurring in Kowloon, China, or if your neighbor's wife is headed to the local Super 8 for a nude photo shoot. Sex truly is literally at your fingertips. All one has to do is grab an Internet connection.

Social networking sites possess clubs specifically designed for swingers in search of like-minded partners. That's because these online groups are created by other horny folk, usually whilst nude, as exhibited by the photos they post.

Internet investigation allows swingers to unearth a treasure trove of resources with the click of a couple buttons. Search engines, forums and various Websites give horny, one-handed typists the ability to find parties anywhere.

If you're not familiar with the Web, take the time to become so. You'll be glad you did. For all you know your realtor could be planning a bash that'll make the latest Tory Lane flick seem G-rated. That soccer mom at the homeowners' functions might be splayed in front of her computer, nightly, wearing nothing but the look of ecstasy. Seeking to chat with girlfriends and housewives modeling the finest in birthday suits? Give online, adult picture sharing sites a try. Become your own industry. Create a harem or several.

Adult film thespians were once a rare breed. With the introduction of the Internet, any guy

can transform himself into Ron Jeremy. Instant porn star! Just add Web.

Become competent with standard online features like bookmarking, that enable one to keep track of contacts. After only cursory investments of time, you'll have more E-mail addresses than Michael Jackson had noses.

Toys

Toys can make or break any explorer's encounters with wily female prey. Show up to a swing club sans condoms, and you may miss the opportunity to take the physical challenge with that gorgeous cheerleader has-been in the hot tub. Don't be denied sex simply because you're ill-prepared.

The following is an abbreviated list of items the single swinger may wish to stock up on.

Baby Oil

Fun stuff! Use it if you plan on buffing your broadsword, as opposed to actually having sex. Oil-based lube is not rubber friendly.

If you've decided to take a dip in the hot tub, and your crotch is coated in petroleum, be respectful and wipe yourself off first. Don't wanna make anybody angry. You may not be invited back.

Condoms

Twelve packs are cool, but if you're a regular at swinging functions, you'll go through 'em quicker than Joan Rivers does facelifts. Condoms in sex clubs are like cigarettes in the mainstream world: somebody's always bummin' one off ya'.

The last time I hit a local swing club, I had a fresh dozen of these babies at my disposal. When I departed, the only rubber remaining was in my checkbook. Couple that with the reality I didn't even get laid, and you've got yourself one smooth mover, baby!

Dildos, Floggers, Paddles and Whips

I've rarely employed any of these in a swinging situation, but have witnessed them being used. These implements tend to be utilized in more private settings. This isn't to insinuate I haven't played with women who were dildoling themselves in front of a roomful of people. I've encountered, and steered well clear of, a life-sized rubber arm and fist on a bed brimming with naked folks. I've also partied with a lady who traveled with her own set of paddles.

Don't feel the need to make a special investment, unless you're really into this type of fetish.

Lubricant

This essential can be the difference between a first down and six points. Some women are adverse to the taste of lube, but very few are opposed to its use during intercourse. In fact, without some sort of glide for the slide, you may find yourself denied sex, after the three guys ahead of you have dried out the lovely senorita on the bed.

Lube is offered in oil-based and water-based varieties. Again, although oil-based tends to feel better, it also diminishes a condom's effectiveness.

Over time, lubricant will become more sticky than having an affair with your sister-in-law. As such, maintain a bottle of water on hand to cleanse your pleasure pole, prior to reapplication of this tool of the trade.

Paper and Pens

Sounds almost as stupid as the Paris Hilton University of Superior Intellect, but you'll often wish you had a writing utensil at a swinging event. When you're on the verge of exchanging contact information with a bevy of delicious, nude ladies, and can't find a pen, you'll be willing to give up the title on your Ford Clitoris for a writing implement.

Think about it. You're in a swing club. Everybody's naked. Therefore, no pockets. Therefore, no pens. On that note, if you're in a hot tub with completely nude people, and somebody mysteriously produces a writing apparatus from beneath the water, don't take it.

The Motel 6 Workout

Since you may find yourself traveling during your lecherous exploits, you'll need to make use of what's around you in order to keep fit. Looking like Mr. Olympia isn't a prerequisite to getting laid at a swing club. Staying in decent shape, though, can sometimes be the difference between a blowjob and a romantic night with your hand. After years of boarding at cheap motels — many of which charged by the hour — I've learned to fully utilize whatever my surroundings provided me.

Ever stayed at a Motel 6? If you haven't, it's time!

If the beds could talk in these places, they sure as fuck wouldn't sound like Tom Bodett. Cheap motels are basically mobile fuck pads. I recommend you crack that piggy bank and splurge on a standard — they're all standard

— room at your friendly, neighborhood Motel 6. You're in for a rare treat.

"Is that stain on the carpet in the shape of Richard Nixon's head?!"

"I have a feeling whatever I ate off the pillow wasn't a mint."

"I hope they don't charge me extra for this severed hand under the bed."

And through it all, most Motel 6 accommodations are well-kept and comfortable. You're not gonna find room service, or even maid service at these venues, but your \$29.95 will get you access to a bed, chair, nightstand, table and television. To the untrained eye, these disparate items seem solely like what they were intended to be. To the Motel 6 frequent flier, these amenities represent your own, personal workout center. If one is resourceful, you'll find yourself performing tri-

ceps dips with the chair, incline push-ups with the table and decline push-ups with the nightstand. Rest between sets on the bed, whilst watching a bikini-clad Gabrielle Anwar in the latest episode of *Burn Notice*.

Take advantage of Motel 6's free ice and robust, plastic drinking receptacles, which hold sumptuous adult beverages to keep you hydrated during your exercise routine.

Feel the need for a little cardiovascular, but are hesitant to jog the ominous, pitch black field adjacent almost every Motel 6? No worries. Seems like a majority of these discount accommodations come complete with stairwells to a second, exciting level. Run these bastards for an hour or so.

Wanna get really fuckin' adventurous? Strap on a backpack full of phone books, and then manipulate this instant stair climber. You'll be

astounded at the effectiveness of a Motel 6 Workout.

As stated previously, home gyms are more worthless than sending Sean Connery a curling iron for Christmas. If you wanna stay fit, you will. Look around you. See that road out there? There are hundreds of thousands just like it all over the planet. Go out and run on it. You'll attain the same results as jogging on your expensive treadmill.

Wishin' you had more upper body strength, but can't afford gym fees? What's that beneath your Doc Martens? Twenty square feet of floor? Bust out a thousand push-ups.

Why waste money on useless fitness center memberships when you could be paying for trips to swing clubs or nude motel parties? Your home gym is all around you. Feel free to use it any time you'd like. You'll never

have to wait in line for a machine, or conform to business hours.

I have a set of weights in my basement I've used regularly since high school. As a matter of fact, I *do* resemble Arnold in his prime — Arnold Palmer, of course. I don't work out for health purposes so much as the pair of warm beers I put back during each session in my cellar's soiled surroundings.

Aside from making your trips to swing clubs more auspicious, you'll be able to climb that flight of stairs without becoming winded, or lift that box of *Playboys* without feeling like somebody shoved a red, hot poker up your ass.

Random Letters From Bob's House of Ass

What follows are a series of E-mails sent by yours truly to Jay: the original King of Swing.

Let's be honest. Gene Simmons is good. Wilt Chamberlain was great. Jay, though? Jay has attained godlike status! His adventures transcend that of mere mortals.

Throughout the ensuing missives you'll find numerous references to a location known as Bob's House of Ass. Said moniker is a cryptic sobriquet for an actual swing club in the U.S., where clothes are less common than hair gel at William Shatner's house.

The individual names in these epistles have been changed for privacy.

Misspellings and non-existent grammar in actual Internet posts are accountable to those who wrote them.

E-mail #1

"swm needs to fuk. i lick sex an im real
good fuker, hit me up bitch if u wanna
get fuked real hard"

The preceding online classified was accompanied by a photo of a prison inmate standing beside a crumbling Ford Fiesta, parked adjacent a mobile home.

I wonder how many women have orgasmed whilst gazing upon this picture, and reading the carefully-crafted copy within. Housewives across America must be furiously masturbating at the sight of this Harry Hamlin look-alike!

I hope this dude doesn't show up at Bob's House of Ass while I'm there. I'd have to don a bulletproof cup with which to protect my priceless, albeit diminutive gems. I couldn't even outrun this son of a bitch. Look at his

fuckin' ride, all tricked-out! That parking pass on his windshield obviously gives him access to any government facility, worldwide. This dude's packin' more heat than the Sun!

Plus, that's a double-wide his Formula One is parked beside, so this bastard's pullin' in at least seven figures, and probably owns an arsenal.

It's just another beautiful love story crawlin' outta Bob's House of Ass on arthritic knees, and into the hearts of Middle America, baby!

Gabe Owner

E-mail #2

It was a warm spring night. The hot tub was a bubblin' at Bob's. The women were arriving more steadily than insurance bills. I was conversing in the Jacuzzi with a couple I'd met on a previous occasion. Cindy — the wife in said pair — is a glorious MILF. Larry — her husband — like all men in swinging couples, is simply a necessary evil in one's perpetual pursuit of the horny housewife. Since I'd partied with Cindy months prior, I was attempting to hook Steve, a new acquaintance, up with this luscious lovely.

Inviting Esteban to enter the hot tub and partake in our conversation, I became confused when the lust-struck lunk declined. It wasn't until stepping from the Jacuzzi that I viewed one of those if-you-stray-too-far-from-home-I'll-electrocute-you ankle bracelets secured to his leg.

About this time, some homeless guy burst on scene blarin' his iPod so that everyone in attendance could enjoy Madonna shrieking *Like a Virgin* from his mismatched earbuds. Imbibing heavily from a vessel inside his backpack, this domicile-challenged individual had reached Bob's via mass transit. The guy introduced himself to me later when asking for a condom, and working some serious magic with the ladies. At one point, I found myself on the verge of a standing ovation, but held back, not wishing to disrupt the flow.

Suddenly, said homeless dude was clothed again, bowing and blowing kisses to the nude housewives, who hadn't even realized he'd been there for the past two hours. As he exited, I heard a city bus pull to the curb.

It's these individuals on the fringe of it all who take life to the fuckin' max! Public transportation, complete inebriation, sex with nu-

merous stay-at-home moms and not a single care in the world!

The entire afternoon was more mesmerizing than watching the late Anna Nicole Smith in a bra-less, slow motion marathon.

Evan Less

E-mail #3

I responded to this online post the other evening:

"MWC seeking males for adult bookstore fun. F is 5' 7" and busty. M loves to watch. We'll be at Penny's Play Place between 7 and 9 p.m. in the booths. Be hung and ready for fun!"

Do the words "no show" mean anything to a man like you? I hunkered down in my little viewing booth, munching potato chips circa 1963 from a vending machine, whilst watching porn actresses get banged harder than screen doors.

As always, the locale was more sketchy than Michelangelo's notebook. This specific shack of shame was located behind a sewage plant and adjoining coffee shop. You could smell the romance.

Two questions for ya':

A) What's the secret to properly using a self-lubricating ball spreader, and

B) have you accepted Jesus — from *The Big Lebowski* — into your heart?

Hugh G. Rection

E-mail #4

Got cock blocked by a World War II vet with three teeth, a bum leg and a back brace at Bob's House of Ass last night.

Tex was his handle, and the slinky senorita escorting him went by Missy — a professional caregiver who'd accidentally stumbled upon Bob's a month prior. Needing a place to rest her head, Missy had checked into said motel without knowledge of what it was. Upon venturing to the hot tub, and observing people humping, she'd chosen to stay, all alone and horny, 10 times in the last 30 days.

Because I have the timing of a broken watch, this was Missy's initial foray with Tex in tow. Tex: a fucker older than the Great Pyramid of Giza. Tex: a hollow husk of humanity hot for Missy. Tex: a colossus with a lone mission: to keep me from penetrating this woman who wanted nothing to do with him. Curi-

ous as to where Missy had been residing for the past month, Tex wanted to check the club out.

According to his caregiver, Father Time was more jealous of her than Oprah is of those receiving free donuts for life. Yes, this dude was born before airplanes, and more beaten up than an armless boxer facing Mike Tyson, but he was also gargantuan. I knew I could outrun him, but if that bastard ever got his paws on me, I'd be more done than *Joanie Loves Chachi*.

Stay tuned for the thrilling continuation of what *Contemporary Cock Ring Quarterly* is heralding as, "The best thing since *Airwolf*!"

Heff T. Fucker

E-mail #5

There we are, Missy and I, in the hot tub. I'm more exposed than O.J. Simpson at his latest trial, straight-jackin' like a virgin who's realized this is his final 24 hours on Earth. Missy is nude, as well. Of course Tex is also in attendance, modeling the latest in back braces, metal plates and swim trunks, thankfully. As he turns away, Missy informs me she's desirous of hopping aboard my dinghy; her only hindrance being the constant presence of 600 pound Tex.

I wait it out, producing a symphony from my skin flute. My plan is to go the distance. I'm young, Tex is old. He'll get tired before I stop being horny. Fifteen minutes later, the weary vet stands and departs for his room, leaving Missy and me alone in the Jacuzzi.

We separate the distance between us, only to have G.I. Joe return just as Missy is reaching

for the baton. Apparently, the old bastard is having some issues with his spine, or lack thereof, and in need of assistance.

Entering the Jacuzzi, some dude informs me his wife would love to get a hold of my two-inch proboscis. I apprise him I'd be happy to share what little I have, and ask which room they're in. He asserts they've rented out 43, but following an afternoon of unbridled sex, she's departed and won't be returning. Had he known I was here, he professes he would have introduced me to said naked spouse.

My timing was worse than the guy who saved his entire life for an oceanic voyage and finally took it...aboard the Titanic.

Mel O. Doubt

E-mail #6

"SBM 4 SWF or MFC that enjoys S&M
B&D MFM or FWB NSA"

The preceding was the title of an Internet ad written by someone who obviously gets paid by the acronym.

More resplendent romance from Bob's House of Ass: a dude with armpit hair growing from a region normally reserved for one's elbow; another guy enduring a 'Nam flashback; an inebriated Amazon ready to kill me, and links to a Top Secret underground base.

Where the fuck does one begin?

Why not with Wang?

Wang's stats:

Age: 60-114 years

Height: 5' 2"

Chest: 24"

Waist: 84"

Hips: 24"

Yes, physical fitness plays a huge role in the lives of most Bob's House of Ass members.

Wang's a friendly sort, and contrary to what his physical attributes imply, performs amazing feats on women twice his size.

Teddy and Alice — a married couple — were relaxing in the hot tub. As such, Wang and I meandered into the pool of steaming water that probably possesses a urine content near 24%.

During conversation, Wang raised his right arm. In horror, I noticed his armpit was

more free from hair than Kojak's head. The missing follicles had apparently migrated to a region near his elbow!

After Wang's rambling about employment at a surreptitious compound beneath the Earth, I deduced his enigmatic, traveling hair, and association with this underground locale were linked. Visions of toxic material pervaded my skull as I carefully backed out of the Jacuzzi, informing all in attendance of my imminent need to piss.

In short, Wang seemed to have sacrificed his precious armpit hair, and its rightful position adjacent his torso, for some type of superhuman sexual prowess! A Faustian bargain of epic proportion.

Stu Pidd

E-mail #7

When a man visits Bob's House of Ass he can never be certain what to expect. Who could have prophesied:

A) a naked, toothless chick, with one kidney, rollin' on a handful of painkillers?

B) a 400 pound chain smoker drinking simultaneous beers, practicing unsafe sex, and informing me I'll have a heart attack because I eat red meat?

Then there's the Vietnam vet who'd purportedly been sprayed with Agent Orange during one of his tours of duty. Whilst at Bob's, he suffers a flashback and falls into the hot tub. As folks are attempting to save him, someone steals his wallet.

Lest we forget the Amazon ruler straight out of the rain forest, and into a lawn chair be-

side me. More hammered than a continuously recycled nail, she's poundin' back an adult beverage in a 148 ounce Big Gulp container. As I'm polishing my rifle for inspection, this seven foot tall chick provides me a flattering comment that would normally mean, "I must take it for a test drive." I thank her. She replies, informing me she hates watching guys rub one out.

At this point, I'm more confused than a government attorney at an ethics convention. I apprise her of the fact I paid my admission fee just like everybody else. The next thing I know, she's towering over me, prepared to burn off one of her tits and fire a quiver of poisonous arrows into my forehead. Before the shit goes to blows, she tells me I look like Johnny Depp, and I take my stupid little chair to the opposite end of the pool.

Ann Teek

E-mail #8

Besides incessantly muttering, "Mylanta," my doctor told me to stay away from Internet porn. It's gettin' so bad I can't even pass a computer in somebody else's house without imagining how many times their wife has laid before it, drooling over online pee pee.

I'm ready to don a Viking helmet, run naked through a wall and hump half the moms on this street, whilst screaming, "Erik Estrada is the porn king of Lodi, California!"

Fuck it. Maybe I'll just do laundry...the neighbor's wife's laundry, while she stands there nude, waiting patiently for her dainty underthings to become clean. That should go over about as well as an outdoor ice hockey game in the Sahara Desert.

Sir Loin

E-mail #9

Am I the only one risking my life taking the John McEnroe All-Bran Challenge?!

This obstacle course through Hell is nothing like I'd envisioned! That bastard has us doin' shit that might not even be possible!

Here's our schedule for the upcoming week:

Day One: Eat your weight in whole bran.

Day Two: Refrain from shitting...or be shot.

Day Three: Run 47 miles outdoors...naked.

Day Four: Arrange bail.

Day Five: Videotape yourself making love to as many home appliances in your neighbor's house as you can, before she returns from work.

There's more on the way — my line to women right after releasing my furious thunder and falling blissfully to sleep.

Matt Finish

E-mail #10

I'm busy livin' a life minus the "F."

You enjoy the mental image of Maury Povich in a thong, cage wrestling a 500 pound, topless Oprah with a cleft palate and beach ball-sized, irradiated tits, don't you?

I've been selling my body for the past six months. I've never been so broke. Damn Lou Dobbs for talking me into becoming a gigolo! Sure, it works for him, but look at the guy, will ya'? He's got more game than a Milton Bradley factory!

Paul E. Gram

E-mail #11

"single latin male looking to swim nud
with some hot ladies at bob's house of ass.
if you wanna swim nud with me gimmie
a holler"

The aforementioned was a genuine online ad. Let me ask you, when was the last time you swam nud? You might be swimming nud, as we speak. Perhaps we're all swimming nud. I don't know!

I had another great Bob's House of Ass classified to send your way, but it was deleted before I could copy it. Some pissed off dude who had been denied access to said swinging facility penned a dissertation on his plight.

Allegedly, he'd been frequenting the aforementioned den of ill repute regularly, always making his appearances with a different senorita in tow. One of the lesser appealing sin-

gle guys in attendance had taken note of our hero's prowess, and wasn't havin' it. According to the essay, this desperate interloper informed management said stud was humping too much. The powers that be subsequently kicked Juan Holmes out, banning him for life.

I bet the "swim nud" rockstar was the bastard who got the author of this online treatise banished. I wish you could've read this masterpiece. I doubt Hemingway, Carlos Ramon Hemingway — my plumber — could've written anything better.

The best part was when the guy concluded his rant with, "I'm a prominent attorney with a big dick! I'm Latin, my nipples are pierced and I've fucked a hell of a lot of women! I won't be denied, damnit!" They're the type of declarations you'd put on any resume.

Marv Ellis

E-mail #12

In theory, this sounds great:

"Looking for someone to go to the strip club with me and watch my wife on stage. She is a late 20's stripper with a great body and is very horny. She loves sex with multiple men, gloryholes, theaters, public sex and fun with couples. The idea is we hang out and watch her, get some dances and at the end of her shift we take her to a motel and share her. Looking for Saturday fun. She prefers submissive men."

If you read between the lines, though, you'll understand the guy who posted this is out to make money. He lures you in with the promise of humping his stripper wife, but only after you've shelled out hundreds of dollars for lap dances, which inevitably winds up in his pocket.

The whole submissive thing reeks of these two binding and gagging their mark to the motel room bed, while absconding with his cash. What legal recourse would a victim in this position have? No lawyer, besides the guy in the previous E-mail, would back this dupe's claims, since he was attempting to engage in an illicit act.

Furthermore, the husband/wife team in the above scenario probably aren't even married. These are the types of malicious mine fields the single swinger encounters at every turn.

More priceless than a pair of 50 foot tall, solid gold breasts!

Lou Zer

E-mail #13

What follows is an online conversation I had whilst searching for sex with housewives.

Obviously, Lakisha — one of my friends on an Internet chat group — is an automatic advertisement selling a webcam service:

Lakisha: what's up?

Hugh Mungus: 12 inches. Somewhere, I'm sure, anyway.

Lakisha: Yay someone to talk to :)!! how are u?

Hugh Mungus: Hung like a pigeon. You?

Lakisha: I'm great thanks for chattin with me I found your name in the members search. whatcha up to?

Hugh Mungus: The average height of a Tufted Titmouse. Tall enough for ya'?

Lakisha: I'm not too into exchanging pics .. are you?

Hugh Mungus: It's pretty much my fuckin' life, ever since my brother died attempting to exchange pics.

Lakisha: I'd rather see each other u can see the real thing on my cam... u want to?

Hugh Mungus: Not even if the continuation of humanity depended upon it.

Lakisha: Click <http://www.lickheavytit.com> it's a more secure place with my cam u will have to verify your age so I'm not showing my hot pussy to a minor, i hate to do it this way but don't worry its 100% FREE and its a lot of fun once u get in

Hugh Mungus: I've just shit three quarts of oil and what appears to be a tiny snow globe housing Herve Villechaize and Martin Sheen in a wintertime setting.

Lakisha: ;)

Hugh Mungus: Will you please call 911 for me? I've forgotten the number!

Lakisha: make sure you click join free at the top, click it k?

Hugh Mungus: I would if I had hands, you devil whore!

Lakisha: I'll be your whore ;)

Lakisha: hello... ??

Lakisha: are you still there?

E. Normus

E-mail #14

Most folks refer to him as Louis. I've dubbed him the Shark. Friendly, fluent in English and Spanish, Louis is the perfect ice breaker for first time couples at Bob's House of Ass. We let him loose in the hot tub, where newbies often congregate. Like a Great White, Louis circles his prey with cunning, often bringing his quarry back to the orgy bed before a husband even realizes his wife is gone. Is Louis a master at his craft? If it weren't for him, I wouldn't have hooked up with nearly two and a half women in the past five years.

Clad solely in a towel, I'm desperately wandering Bob's House of Ass. It's one of those rare instances in life, should you happen to observe it, in which you pray for blindness. A couple, who I'll later come to know as Mandy and Nate, are humpin' in Room 27, and have "forgotten" to close their blinds.

Watching, I stand outside. I'm less skilled a conversationalist than a misanthropic deaf mute. I could simply pull it out and slap it against the glass, but I'd definitely run the risk of being ejected. I reluctantly realize I'm gonna have to say something. Whatever I stammered was just enough to help me gain entrance to the duo's shack of shame.

We hit the bed. Being the Usain Bolt of depraved delights, I'm outta there in under 45 seconds and Mandy is left naked in a corner, completely unsatisfied. Not a personal record for me, but an effort I can still be proud of.

I return to the hot tub area, only to discover the Shark has struck, humping some chick from behind, whilst Brad — another friend — works said senorita from the front. Don't ask me how these guys pulled this off in three feet of water, but suffice it to say, they're professionals.

My best opening line to women in singles bars? "Hey! Cool mustache!"

Carrie O. Key

E-mail #15

What does a man have to do in order to get to Bob's House of Ass, these days? In the past three weeks I've attended more formal events with no apparent meaning than I can ever recall.

It all began with a delicious PTA mom squirting on me in a mirror-lined room, whilst disco balls spun overhead. From there, things went downhill faster than a first-time skier at the summit of Mount Everest.

The initial portion of the ride seemed advantageous. Waxing my pint-sized protrusion beside a leggy blonde who could've easily been a Playboy Bunny...prior to the War of 1812. A handful of invitations onto the orgy bed, and the next thing I know, I'm at this fuckin' wedding — an event less anticipated than an IRS audit. I find myself adjacent a mountain, imbibing something fermented that turns my

urine a beautiful chestnut color for the next eight hours.

I think it's safe to say the proverbial slippery slope was my only option at this point. More weddings ensued, followed by some of the most inane events in the history of man.

How do you relate to folks living prosaic, yet pretentious existences?

"Y'know, Marnie and I were looking at summer homes. I'm also purchasing the latest M-Class. Cash of course. What's new with you?"

Do you ever just blurt out the truth?

Well, I drank breakfast, and in the past eight hours, I've fucked — not well by any standard — four wives and three girlfriends...none of whom were mine."

Marnie's husband would either:

A) wander away aimlessly, his will to live all but annihilated.

B) not believe me. After all, I can't be much taller than he was in grade school, wanted by no one but the law, and nothing to look at — clothed or naked.

C) punch me in the balls, attempting to ensure whatever I had goin' on below the waist no longer worked.

Any way you view it, the past 21 days have been more screwed up than Tara Reid's tits. Combine that with my continued shock over the cancellation of *The Facts of Life*, and I've been temporarily stopped in my tracks.

Ross Well

E-mail #16

Bill's the kind of guy who drops a quote the gravity of, "I've fucked more pussy than any man!" prior to departing Bob's House of Ass early, without a woman anywhere near him. Upon leaving, he informed me I was wasting my time, since it was already 5:30 in the evening, and females never arrived after 5 PM. Of this fact Bill was sure since he'd never stayed that late. If that isn't demented logic, Danny DeVito will be the starting center for the Dallas Mavericks next season.

Sure as shit, 6 PM rolls around. Not only does a twenty something chick and her octogenarian boyfriend pull up in a Firebird, but a wide, wanton feline emerges from Room 30, wearing nothing but a beach towel and a smile.

Bill, you Nostradamus of the swinging world, you.

My friend Hortense attempted his signature move — dropping his pants and approaching the first female's vehicle. This resulted in 50% of our potential carnal candidates hauling ass out of the parking lot.

Thankfully, before Hortense could wreak any more havoc, the industrial-sized woman meandered into the hot tub area, stripped down and engaged in acts that would make a porn star blush.

Just another heart-warming, family-style afternoon at Bob's House of Ass!

Jim Shorts

E-mail #17

I've come to the conclusion Bill has actually only fucked three women. Regaling me with stories of prior conquests, I realized my idol was ramblin' about the same three chicks he always does: two brunettes who jointly gave him head, and a blonde who loved to fuck in front of her husband.

Of course I didn't say anything. Bill's old, and why shatter his dream?

Somebody else in attendance had heard the same story one too many times, though, and shouted out, "Fuck, Bill! Don't ya' have anything new to tell us?!"

To this our dauntless leader responded, "Well excuse me, motherfucker. Actually I *do* have a new story for you sorry-ass sons-a-bitches. As you know, I'm hung like a goddamned

horse. I met this slut years ago who wanted me to store my seed in a freezer!"

I suspected it might be a slow day at Bob's, but this wasn't helping.

"That bitch was crazy! I jacked-off for weeks, and kept that shit in my ice box. The first of every month, I'd bring her what I had, and watch her and her husband thaw my junk out and drink it—"

I never leave Bob's early, but at this point I was considering cutting my losses, headin' to the nearest dive bar and workin' over a pint of liquid bleach.

"Well, one day my wife — that bitch — I love her so, finds my precious seed in the back of the goddamned freezer and asks me, 'What the fuck is this, motherfucker—?!' "

Not a moment too soon, some petite seniorita emerged from Room 27, and Bill's nauseating tale faded into the wind like a fart.

Akin to Lindsay Lohan gravitating toward bad publicity, four of us followed the object of our desire, who headed for the hot tub. My friend Brad was victorious in his efforts and found himself granted access to the inner circle of Room 27. Upon departing, he leaned in and told me to knock on the door after 15 minutes, to see if I could gain entrance.

As per his directive, I attempted the soft sell maneuver four minutes later and was denied access by the woman's coked-out boyfriend. Talk about a bedtime story to tell the grand-kids!

Upon Brad's triumphant return, we gathered around, awaiting tale of his accomplishments. Our hero's somber look foretold of something truly horrible transpiring behind closed doors.

Brad's expression, accompanied by the fact he kept clutching his turgid Twinkie, was edification that events had gone terribly awry.

"Are you okay, man?" I inquired.

Stunned, Brad verbalized his nightmarish encounter in the same manner a shell-shocked soldier does a scene of carnage. Apparently, the moment the senorita in question began giving him head, his staff of satisfaction became numb. After a few minutes, our knight in shining latex regained partial feeling in his member and proceeded to pleasure his female host, certain she had somehow coated his lance in cocaine.

I told Brad not to worry, but he was obviously dazed as he drove away in his Roto-Rooter van.

I vowed, should *I* ever encounter this nefarious bitch who defiled my compatriot, I would,

well, probably do my best to fuck her, but after she denied me, make her accountable for what she had done to Brad.

Upon arriving home, I discovered the following E-mail from some chick in Portugal:

"I am very excited to be wanted by men like you. I see your picture and I touch my pussy. Yes...I reached orgasm.

Thanks for your powerful cock! A kiss on your head. I love it! With All My Love,
Maria"

At this point, whatever works! I can't go to a goddamned Wal-Mart without envisioning the MILF in the produce aisle naked. I seek the ones fondling phallic food. Even though this Maria chick sent photos of her humpin' some dude blanketed in ape hair, that technicality seems to be her problem, doesn't it? I mean,

she's in Portugal, and can't hurt me from all the way across the Pacific, right?!

Chris P. Creams

E-mail #18

At first it appeared I missed this event by 90 minutes:

"i am a full figured black female who is definitely interested in being the center of attention to some white men! i will be at Adult Arena on Sunday at 7:30 pm for approximately two hours and if you are ready so am I, so could you please cum and get me off to cum"

Upon further investigation, though, I discovered this:

"i am interested in being the center of attention at the movie! i am a full figured black female that loves white men. i would want you to suck on my titties and finger my pussy while i had orgasm after orgasm. I am not interested in sucking dick or fucking all of you. One lucky guy will be able to leave with me and i will suck his dick and then we can fuck our brains out. If you are at-

tractive and can meet me at the arena
this saturday lets hook up and have
some nasty kinky fun. i had a problem
last week and couldn't come but will
definitely be there this saturday"

Who am I to deny any seniorita "orgasisms?"
I love huge, black women more than the cast
of *The View* worships pound cake!

Another Shark Attack on Saturday a la Bob's
House of Ass. Louis isn't the proverbial chick
magnet Brad is, but recall that son of a bitch
is still reeling from having his dick go numb.

Unorthodox, yet effective, the Shark:

A) only approaches women in the water, and

B) appears safe, which ladies seem to love.

Around 4 PM, a couple enter and sit across
from me. Since the chick is yet to test the Ja-
cuzzi, Louis doesn't smell blood.

Our lady-in-waiting hits the tinkle room, while her significant other disrobes — a positive indicator she'll follow suit upon returning. Hubby opens a cooler, cracking a pair of PBRs — another efficacious signal. Women, alcohol...

Our succulent senorita emerges and sheds thread. In less time than it takes premature ejaculators to perform, she's in the hot tub, humpin' her old man.

Louis' senses are on overload and he's now slithering along the periphery of the Jacuzzi. I'm playin' my piccolo, watching the sordid proceedings unfold.

Next we know, the chick's sitting adjacent the Shark, gripping his huevos rancheros as if they're a pair of billion dollar gold nuggets she discovered in her backyard. As if by miracle, we're all transported to the orgy bed, and this little lady begins performing feats of

magic that would cause Criss Angel to ask, "What the fuck—?!"

This was a case of quality, not quantity. Even though there was only one woman in attendance, she made the experience more pleasurable than free backstage passes to a Jonas Brothers concert and a handgun loaded with untraceable bullets.

Paul E. Ester

E-mail #19

The jumbo jet to Europe headed out over the sea as the in-flight intercom sparked to life.

"Afternoon, folks. This is your captain speaking. I just wanted you all to know we're making history, today. I'm actually the first blind pilot to navigate a passenger plane solo over the Atlantic Ocean."

The above scenario was almost as troubling as the extemporaneous conversation I was having with a far-too-naked man in the hallway of a sleazy motel.

"Make a fist and show it to me!" demanded the half-nude behemoth leaning out the door to his room.

"Huh?"

"Ball that little fist up and let me have a look at it, son."

"Save it for the bathhouse, pal."

"It ain't like that, man," assured the leviathan wrapped in a pool towel five sizes too small.

"Yeah?" I responded. "Then what's it like?"

"I just wanna see how small your fist is so I know if it'll fit."

This impromptu discourse was falling apart faster than Skylab upon reentry.

"You're not really makin' a convincing case here, Perry Mason," I replied.

The mountain with legs rolled his eyes. "It's not for me. It's for the wife."

"What?"

"Look at the size of this fucker." The goliath produced a fist comparable in circumference to a 16 pound bowling ball. "It don't fit in the missis. It's just too damned big."

Beginning to envisage where this was going, I slowed my retreat.

"You're a pretty small guy," the biker stated the obvious. "I bet you've got a pretty small fist, too. Let's take a look at that sucker. If it ain't too big, would you mind fisting—"

Before he could finish his twisted sentence, I was inside his motel room, searching sedulously for a nude woman with a sizable orifice in need of attention. I speculated to myself, "Do these scenarios happen to everybody?" Of course I knew the answer to that question before I even broached it. Still, it seemed a rational query since most people become ec-

static over tax loopholes, a network continuation of *The Bachelorette* or a new flavor of Doritos. I understood random strangers approaching others en route to an orgy the size of the Republican National Convention, asking them to fist their wives, was common in my world. In the June and Ward Cleaver existence of most, though, it was the type of fantasy people only dreamt about whilst passing out atop a stack of TPS reports.

And there she was, naked and spread eagle, gracing a tired mattress more worn out than a knock-knock joke. Flanking her were a few nude dudes taking a breather. Adjacent her awaiting aperture was a fresh bottle of lube and a clean towel. I felt as though I'd been invited to dine at a five-star restaurant. Who knew being short would have its advantages?

After 20 minutes of what seemed like a sparring match with this woman's vagina, "Uncle!" was hollered.

Upon readying to depart, *Grizzly Adams'* Dan Haggerty once again approached, this time thanking me for offering my services.

"Ever done anything like this before, son?"

He had no clue, did he?

"Once or twice," I replied. "In the past three days," I thought to myself.

Glancing nervously about, he clarified, "This is our first time with anything like this. If you don't mind, I'd appreciate if you kept this on the down low, if you know what I mean."

"No problem."

"I work for the government, and don't want any of this getting out."

I would have left just as quickly if he had told me he had plans to give me a battery acid

enema. Outside of "I'll cut your nuts off," the only five word phrase that would make me run away faster is, "I work for the government." It's like informing a werewolf you own the world's largest silver bullet manufacturing plant.

Hugh Briss

E-mail #20

I've been remiss by forgetting to mention the Stalker, and yet she's an essential portion of what *Vinyl Ball Bag Monthly* is referring to as, "The *new* greatest story ever told!"

The Stalker's official moniker is Michelle, and things went more awry with her than an open bar at an Alcoholics Anonymous convention. The last I interacted with this lovely was behind a Chinese restaurant at a Super 8 motel, during a party in which I made the acquaintance of six nude women. As the festivities wound down, and I left with one of the other señoritas, the Stalker became visibly upset.

Michelle is married. No anomaly there, as far as the swinging world is concerned. Michelle has engaged in wedlock for 10 years, beginning after high school graduation. Now we've got the making of a house of cards erected in

an EF5 tornado. Suffice it to say, Michelle is not happily married.

Both the Stalker and her husband participate in extramarital activities. Face facts. Chicks don't need to speak to get laid. Guys, however, especially ones like me, are forced to converse, often in some form of begging. As such, the Stalker's husband became melancholic after tallying his carnal conquests and comparing them to his wife's.

The result was a battle with depression comparable to 10,000 Emo teenagers hopped up on mountains of Prozac. This was a reality I was made privy to during an afternoon interlude at Michelle's house. Just look up "buzz-kill" in any encyclopedia and you'll find a picture of my haggard, white ass, pumpin' away at the Stalker, as she informs me of her husband's suicidal tendencies.

Visions of a grievous spouse returning home from work unexpectedly for a lunchtime rendezvous with his wife, and discovering me with his beloved, filled my feeble brain. Like an Olympic gymnast, I dismounted. Grabbing my clothes, I raced for the door. Along my retreat, I made note of a butcher knife, letter opener and fucking *Civil War sword* just laying about the house. I pictured Ninja throwing stars being embedded in my back.

As a result, my correspondence with Michelle diminished faster than an Internet porn surfer's erection when unintentionally stumbling upon a site dedicated to supercentenarians in bikini underwear. Our contact became one-sided. I refused to reply, while Michelle continued to phone, referring to herself in voice mails as, "The Stalker."

Eventually, this distressed, albeit delectable woman got the hint, and discontinued discourse two years ago. Last night, I receive a

phone message from our persistent little lass claiming she was sorry she had missed my call. With my body weight, after three beers, I'm hammered, but never to the extent I'm randomly phoning people who frighten me.

I recollect that Michelle and her hubby almost exclusively attend Bob's House of Ass during the weekends. This may factor into what CNN is now referring to as, "Big Saturday." What if the Stalker shows up, tomorrow? How can I justify having sex with other women, whilst saying "No" to her?

If you were having difficulty sleeping, I hope this E-mail has been the equivalent of written Ambien.

Clay Pigeon

E-mail #21

Sabado fuckin' Gigante, baby!

Ten women: each more insane than the previous. Two people were celebrating anniversaries, there was a vacation in the mix, and I'm not certain if it's Flag Day, but folks were ready to party!

No sign of the Stalker and her Ginsu-wieldin' Swordsman of Death. Most of the lovelies I hadn't met prior. Always a plus, since seeing the same movie more than once is fun, but each new crotch is like a different cliffhanger. If I step on this stone, will a mysterious door open up, exposing the hottest chick on Earth? But what about this rock? Will flaming, poisoned penile implants burst from the ground, slaughtering half my team, leaving me helpless on an island filled with cannibals hungry for white meat?

Case in point, I'm knockin' boots on the orgy bed with a petite thing by the name of Virgin Snow. Suddenly, it's as if somebody turned on the fountains at the Bellagio between her legs. Initially, I thought something had gone awry, as transparent liquid blasted forth from an indeterminate source all over this chick's face. Akin to Mary Lou Retton, I performed a perfect dismount. Turning toward her significant other, I fully expected to find him poppin' a fresh clip in his Glock. Instead, the insane bastard was laughing, as he exclaimed, "Don't worry, son. Ol' Virgin Snow's a genuine squirter! You just keep havin' fun!"

How the hell was I to know? I could count the number of orgasms I'd given women on one finger. Now this?!

The variety ratio was high this particular Sabado Gigante. A redhead, a couple blondes, brunettes, a luscious Ebony Princess, BBWs,

MILFs, even a female dentist from parts unknown. It was all there, baby, behind walls 20 feet from the highway, where thousands of oblivious motorists were speedin' to work. It's so bizarre to ponder. An eight inch concrete barrier divides a completely mundane existence from a world of live porn!

Always a proponent of equal rights, I've been behind women for decades. Such was the situation this afternoon with the ravishing Roxy. During one tryst, my friend Christobal pulled off his signature move, and slid onto the bed in front of said MILF. Christobal is a constant source of amusement for numerous reasons.

A) He's African, and when he speaks, nobody can understand anything he says. Couple this with his continual laughter at his own jokes, which, once again, no one can comprehend, and you've got quality entertainment.

B) He's a master of literally sliding into situations. A well-placed migration often finds him perfectly sandwiched on the bed betwixt two women. Most of the time said senioritas don't even know how he got there.

C) He loves givin' high-fives whilst frantically pumpin' away at lusty ladies in attendance.

Akin to a football coach, Christobal will often sit beside me, apparently attempting to hash out some type of clandestine attack strategy. Whatever the hell he says seems to work, as we've managed to lure a wanton wife or two back to the orgy bed.

And then there's Yuri: the Psycho Siberian. I met this guy Saturday, along with his delectable girlfriend Cynthia. Yuri lived up to his epithet, and then some. If I were to attempt the shit he was pullin' off, I'd receive a series of roundhouse kicks to the asshole. This guy literally sat naked on women's faces, and

screamed. For whatever reason, these chicks begged for more, while Cynthia watched, allowing us to grope her nude body.

The entire experience had a street value of five Benjamins, and yet we each received it for the discounted entrance fee of 20 bucks. You can't even get drunk at a hooch house for that little, these days.

Speakin' of which, the double Jack and Coke at a regional waterin' hole afterwards was almost as savory as a sushi buffet served atop Lisa Bonet's nude ass. An event this momentous makes one believe he's Genghis Khan, atop a fire breathin' steed, fuckin' everything in sight!

Afterwards, I'm shot out of a cannon back into the real world, where women have me at, "Hell no!" My legs hurt for weeks, and I walk around with a satisfying limp, because I've

been poundin' away in positions normally reserved for Yoga masters.

Like bad sex, I'll keep this short. I just wanted to make sure you — the three people who read this book — have a launching pad from which to project yourself into the cosmos of coition. In nearly two decades of working this circuit, I've never encountered any guy with all the answers. I, myself, have been thrown out of more doors than a union of Hollywood stuntmen. I've also gotten right back up and into the game.

The most important thing in the world seems to be that we enjoy ourselves. If more folks were having fun, they might be less inclined to make life miserable for others.

Hugh Mungus

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— **About the Author** —

Hugh Mungus is a recovering lesbian with no hope of being cured.

What began as furious solo sessions — alone with a can of Crisco, a *National Geographic* and an insider's glimpse of bare tit from the Dark Continent — has become nearly a hundred dollar dynasty. With the overwhelming success of *There's No "E" in Horny* and its sequential volume, Hugh may nearly be able to pay his car insurance this month.

Financially, Mr. Mungus is about as prosperous as a used condom store. Since his books are selling like hotcakes, at an anti-hotcake rally, that's not likely to change.

More diminutive than most Cub Scouts, what Hugh lacks in height, he's made up for in adventure. There's a serene calm that accompanies attending a party of 100, and knowing

you've had far more sexual partners than the aggregate sum of everybody there.

It's not the kind of statistic that pays the bills. It isn't information you'll offer at a job interview. It is, however, affirmation of an existence *thoroughly* lived: something the majority can't lay claim to.

Life: most approach it as if it were a practice game, never realizing it's the World Series.

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Special thanks are in order to all the shameless squaws on sexual search engines who still believe there's an "E" in the word horny. Without lovelies like yourself, dorks like me would never get laid.

